



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

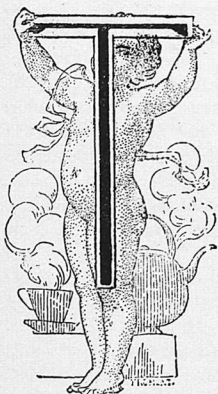
We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—Much Ado About Nothing.



HE Union League Club is to continue during the coming season the series of admirable exhibitions of Oriental art begun last winter. The displays of Chinese "single-color" pieces and blue-and-white, and Japanese swords, guards and lacquers will be followed by an array of Chinese decorated pieces; after which there will be an exhibition of jades, jadeites and kindred stones, and the closing exhibition will be of objects of Greek art, including some wonderful old vases and

groups of figurines from Asia Minor. In connection with each of these exhibitions there will be the usual display of paintings, which will include several notable additions made to private collections since last season. The most important of these paintings will be the fine Rembrandt, "Dr. Tulp," acquired by Mr. James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago, from the cabinet of the Princess De Sagan; it is an oval panel about the size of "The Gilder." At present it lies in a safe deposit company, covered by a \$45,000 insurance policy.

It is hardly necessary to sound the praises of that agreeable writer and good critic, Mr. Theodore Child, to the readers of *The Art Amateur*; for he has contributed to its pages almost from the beginning, and his work speaks for itself. Let me direct the attention, though, to those whose notice it has escaped, of his interesting article, in *Harper's Magazine* for September, "American Artists at the Paris Exposition," which, by the way, is accompanied by excellent illustrations of twenty of the pictures. At first blush Mr. Child would seem lavish in praise, because he utters few words of censure. But it may be noticed that while he is apt to run to superlatives concerning the work of men he really admires, like that of Whistler, Sargent, Dannat and Davis, what he does *not* say about that of others like Stewart, Weeks, Mosler and Millet, is quite eloquent, and clearly indicates his preferences. His dignified standpoint is admirably stated in the following sentence: "Criticism is no longer dogmatic, but analytic and appreciative; it seeks to understand a painter's temperament and to see his work from his own point of view; it may have preferences, but those preferences derive their value only from the personality of the critic who expresses them." The reader who would like to know what Mr. Theodore Child looks like will find him represented in profile in the taller of the two figures in Mr. De Thulstrup's illustration of the Hermitage Palace in "Palatial Petersburg," in the July *Harper's*, and from a back view in the September number (page 561).

THE injurious effect of the Government "protection policy on the production of artistic stained-glass windows, in which the United States has attained wonderful proficiency during the last few years, is pointed out by *The New York Times*. "Because a window is for a church it passes the customs free; because the materials for a stained-glass window are not imported for a church they are crushed by the tariff," which demands about forty-five per cent duty for the glass and sixty per cent for the colors. *The Times* says truly: "The tariff is cruel, the exception in favor of churches is unfair and at bottom absurd. . . . American glass has already appeared in London and Paris, where the manufacturers can see and imitate it. We may expect the agents of these manufacturers to offer presently 'lines' of glass in the La Farge, the Tiffany, the Crowninshield, the Lathrop styles. American artists cannot be expected to hold their own in the long run while they are placed at such disadvantage."

It is curious to read the estimate of French painters so greatly in vogue to-day as Rousseau, Troyon and Delacroix by such contemporary English critics as Thackeray and Rossetti. I lately came across a criticism

by the latter on an exhibition of "Modern Pictures of all Countries, at Lichfield House, 1851," which led me to look up Thackeray's art criticisms written some ten or twelve years earlier. "French landscapes of some merit," Rossetti remarks, "are those of Rousseau, somewhat resembling Linnell; Ziem, bearing a strong likeness to Holland, though scarcely so good; and Troyon, much akin to the feeling and execution of Kennedy." This calls to mind Thackeray's laugh at the chapter on Literature and Manners at the close of the history of George II. by Smollett, who gravely tells how during that reign, among a score of other no less forgotten worthies in literature, a certain "Mrs. Lennox signalized herself by many successful efforts of genius, both in poetry and prose, and Miss Reid excelled the celebrated Rosalba in portrait painting, both in miniature painting and at large, in oil as well as in crayons," whereat Thackeray asks:

"Who, now, knows the signal efforts of Mrs. Lennox's genius? Who has seen the admirable performances, in miniature and at large, in oil as well as in crayons, of a Miss Reid? Mrs. Lennox's name is just as clean wiped out of the list of worthies as if she had never been born; and Miss Reid, though she was once actual flesh and blood, 'rival in miniature and at large' of the celebrated Rosalba, is as if she had never been at all; her little farthing rushlight of a soul and reputation having burnt out, and left neither wick nor tallow."

In the same way one might ask who now mentions "Linnell" in the same breath with Rousseau; how many persons know about Holland, compared with those who have feasted on the glorious color of Ziem? I mean of Ziem's early work, for he was at his best at the time Rossetti found him "scarcely so good" as "Holland;" and who cares for "Kennedy," to whom in "feeling and execution" the illustrious Troyon is kindly conceded to be "much akin"? Rousseau, Ziem and Troyon patronizingly compared with Linnell, Holland and Kennedy! Think of it! And Rossetti was an artist, too, and a critic. He did, though, find something to admire in this same collection, to wit: "a very small picture by Gérôme bearing the singular title of 'The Humble Troubadour in a Workshop,' poetical in subject and arrangement, and dainty in execution, though the tone of color is not pleasing." So, the generous critic who discovered "some merit" in Rousseau and Troyon could not find the color of Gérôme "pleasing!" Well, that is not surprising; for after the lapse of nearly forty years Gérôme's color still fails to please.

In this discovery, however, Rossetti was as far ahead of the other English critics of his time as in his estimate of the cattle pieces of Eugene Verboeckhoven, which appeared to him "extremely overrated." He found them, indeed, "very coarsely painted, very loosely grouped, and supremely uninteresting." His reference to "G. F. Watts's piece of dirty Titianism, entitled 'The Ostracism of Aristides,'" is delightful—the characterization would apply to the color of not a few of his more recent works. This picture, though, says Rossetti, "has something in it," which, he adds, "somehow proves what was certainly the one thing most difficult of proof, considering the general treatment of the picture—namely, that the painter is not a fool." There's praise, indeed, for England's great and, perhaps, only poetical painter!

THACKERAY himself, although he makes so much fun of Smollett's "adorable Miss Reid, who excelled the celebrated Rosalba both in miniature painting and at large," does not hesitate to commit himself to opinions which to the student of art of to-day must sound even more extravagant. He boldly declares his preference for Lesueur over Raphael. Let me quote from his "Paris Sketch Book":

"Lesueur's 'Saint Scholastica' is divine; and the taking down from the cross as noble a composition as ever was seen—I care not by whom the other may be. There is more beauty and less affectation about this picture than you will find in the performances of many Italian masters with high-sounding names (out with it, and say Raphael at once). I hate those simpering Madonnas. I declare that the Jardinière is a puking, smirking miss, with nothing heavenly about her. I vow that the 'Saint Elizabeth' is a bad picture—a bad composition, badly drawn, badly colored, in a bad imitation of Titian—a piece of vile affectation. I say that when Raphael painted this picture two years before his death the spirit of painting had gone from out of him; he was no longer inspired; it was time that he should die."

HOWEVER disinclined one may be to admit that Lesueur is the master Thackeray here declared him, there

can be no doubt that not a few intelligent critics of to-day consider Raphael vastly overrated; and who shall say that Thackeray's countrymen may yet weep tears of blood over the enormous cost of the "Blenheim" Madonna, which it is now their pride to quote as the highest-priced old master in the world? It is easier, perhaps, to agree with the great novelist in his estimate of two somewhat later French artists, of whom he writes:

"Delacroix has produced a number of rude, barbarous pictures; but there is the stamp of genius on all of them—the great poetical intention, which is worth all your execution. Delacroix is another man of high merit; with not such a great heart, perhaps, as the other, but a fine and careful draughtsman and an excellent arranger of his subject. . . . He is at present occupied with a vast work at the Beaux Arts [the Hemicycle, of which Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, has the small replica.—Ed. A. A.], where the writer of this had the honor of seeing him—a little keen-looking man, some five feet in height. He wore on this important occasion a bandanna around his head, and was in the act of smoking a cigar."

THE national flower controversy which has been raging for some months has brought out some queer suggestions. The golden-rod seems to have hosts of admirers, though its forms are extremely various and none of them likely to show well at a distance. The same may be said of the kalmia; however artistically represented, it would look, when seen at the head of a procession or across a square, a mere blotch of faint pink. One enthusiastic person suggests Indian corn, oblivious of the fact that it is a fruit, not a flower. Another would have the tulip-tree blossom—not such a bad choice; for, combined with the leaves, it might make an easily recognized symbol, and it is peculiar to America. The sun flower, having so long done duty as the accepted emblem of the weakly æsthetic, seems to meet with very little favor; but its cousins the monarda, the madia and the Rudbeckia have their partisans. They are purely American flowers, very rich in color and form, and their composite nature, making them, according to the botanists, the most perfect floral type, seems to peculiarly adapt them for symbolizing our union of independent States. No floral form could be more decorative and none could better illustrate the motto 'E Pluribus Unum' than their numerous ray and disk florets grouped to make a single perfect flower.

THE Barye exhibition in Paris has been a revelation even to his most ardent admirers. The versatility and industry evidenced by the enormous array of his work are almost beyond belief. With all the resources at the command of our American collectors of the productions of the great French sculptor of the brute creation, I am afraid that we shall be able to make but a poor show compared with that at the École des Beaux Arts.

AMONG the purchases made by the French Government for the National Museum at the Salon of 1889 is the picture, "Sad News," by Frank C. Penfold, of Buffalo. The American artists whose works have had the honor of being bought by the French Government are very few. I can call to mind only W. T. Dannat, Walter Gay and Henry Mosler.

It is somewhat surprising to one fresh from the Paris Centennial Exposition that so little notice, comparatively speaking, has been taken by the American press of the striking exhibit made there by the Gorham Manufacturing Company. The firm, it is true, prepared nothing specially for the occasion, relying on a selection from its always interesting array of silverware, familiar to the Broadway lounge. But this confidence was not misplaced. The Parisians found themselves beaten on their own ground in artistic novelties in the precious metals—"articles de Paris" of a high grade. But the Gorham people's success by no means ended here. Many of their chased and hammered silver tea and coffee services and other objects both for the table and of ornament, designed, in clever adaptation to American needs, after Oriental and Renaissance motives, showed beautiful workmanship and were altogether worthy of the highest praise.

THERE is a Sunday Society in London which might be imitated with advantage in New York. I fear, though, that it is much too liberal to please such holy men as Colonel Sheppard. At the recent annual meeting, the chairman, Sir James D. Linton, P. R. I., broadly described the aim of the society to be to aid in making

Sunday a day of true worship and healthy rest. He held that it was their first duty to place before their fellow-man on that day all that could make him wiser and happier. Resolutions were passed expressing gratification that the society had been able to open six Sunday art exhibitions in the metropolis during the year; thanking the Government for including in the estimates submitted to Parliament provisions for the expenses attending the Sunday opening of the National Botanic Garden in Edinburgh; and urging that a memorial be presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, calling upon the Government to make like provision in the estimates to enable the trustees of the national museums and galleries in London to open the same on Sundays.

MONTEZUMA.

PAINTINGS IN CHICAGO.

THE liberal policy of the Chicago Exposition in providing for the annual art exhibitions held in connection with its industrial display bears fruit more and more rich from year to year. No art exhibition held annually in this country shows so much of the best recent work of American artists at home and abroad; while the admission, wherever possible, of contemporary foreign pictures and of a few masterpieces of an older generation serves to widen the field of comparison and afford a just view of the progress of American art and its relation to the art of nations rich in tradition and achievements. In order to stimulate and reward the production of good work, Mr. Potter Palmer, who enriches the exhibition with several pictures from his fine collection, offers this year two prizes of \$500 each for the best landscape or marine and the best figure subject painted by Americans and never before exhibited in Chicago.

The exhibition of this year is notable for its high standard of excellence and for the rarity of bad work. Of the 476 numbers in the catalogue, there are 335 oils, 109 water-colors, 30 pastels, and two bas-reliefs in bronze and plaster, the former being Saint Gaudens's characteristic study of Chase, and the latter his portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. A gallery is entirely devoted to the works of William M. Chase, who sends 74 pictures thoroughly representative of his daring art, affording a better opportunity for its comprehension than he has ever before granted to the public. Another room is devoted to water-colors and the swift and evanescent pastels in which our artists are beginning to take such delight, and among which the ivory tone of the Stevenson bas-relief is delicately in harmony. The large collection is advantageously hung in galleries which, although extremely simple in construction and decoration are commodious, well lighted and admirably arranged to afford long vistas, giving the necessary distance to large canvases.

From the Salon and the New York exhibitions of 1889 come some notable exhibits. Mr. Weeks's two large East Indian canvases are there, "The Hour of Prayer in the Pearl Mosque of Agra" and the "Restaurant at Lahore," pictures which give us the best of his art, pictures full of life and action and color, and yet rendered with a knowing simplicity, with an admirable subservience of detail to mass effects. We have Henry S. Bisbing's "In the Fields," a large canvas, which catches and holds the sunlight and reveals masterly study of animals. Alexander Harrison sends his "Rainy Day" and several of his marines, which give most delicately the swift harmonies of color played by the light on the changing sea. Scarcely less notable are the studies of St. Ives Bay by Edward Emerson Simmons, who gives us the most delicate note in all its scale of color in one revelation of quiet, pearl-gray waters, half robed in mist and lit at a single point by a faint pink glow. A sharp contrast is Eugene Vail's stormy harbor scene, "Mon Homme," a picture admirably painted, but whose action loses its force in violence; or Childe Hassam's "Autumn on the Champs Elysées," which proves this artist's intimate knowledge of the subtleties of light and atmosphere, but accuses him of deplorably bad taste in composition, a fault not noticed in his more truly artistic smaller pictures. Walter McEwen's sensitive touch is always welcome. These "Holland Urchins" are perennial childhood, surrounded, as childhood should be, with air and sunshine; the yells from their open mouths are almost audible. The key of red is admirably sustained in his Dutch "Sisters," and that delicate "Portrait" of a white-robed maiden is exquisitely toned to the colors of the tea-roses on her harpsichord. There is a touch of high comedy in Mr. McEwen's work as delicate as it is fascinating. Robert

W. Vonnoh's "Sad News" won honorable mention at the Salon for its superb technical qualities, though good painting was rarely wasted on a less interesting rendition of the familiar old Dutchwoman; he does not convince us as Clifford Grayson does in his well-toned picture "Grief," that the woman is sorrowing and not posing. His "Phoebe" is a not less harmonious and a more convincing piece of work. Two of Carl Guthertz's imaginative celestial themes have crossed the ocean—the violet-toned "Summer Moon," with its wreathing cupids and the "Arcessita ab Angelis," which would be more consistent in its modern handling of a visionary subject if those rigid pre-Raphaelite halos were exchanged for a vanity less archaic. Many other artists contribute Salon pictures, among them Arthur W. Dow, Charles Sprague Pearce, Ellen K. Baker, Mary F. MacMonnies and Charles H. Davis.

Between the work of Mr. Davis and Dwight W. Tryon and one or two marines, the Committee will have a difficult choice for the first of Mr. Palmer's prizes. Three pictures by George Inness are lent, and, therefore, not in competition; otherwise their excellence would have greatly increased the Committee's embarrassment. They are studies of green woods, one revealing the fresh young vivid green of early spring; another darker summer forests through which the sunlight shines in golden splendor; the third showing the waning greens of sunset. Mr. Inness's greens never blacken in the shadows, never fail in their delicate gradations of value, and never weary by monotony; his knowledge of this color is intimate and sure. Mr. Davis's "Forest of Rambouillet" is a powerful, closely studied canvas, its deep reds and greens well toned and effectively wrought out; but not so far-reaching in its suggestiveness, not so knowing in its interpretation of nature as some of the artist's smaller bits—the softly poetic "Close of Day," or the "Sunset Storm," with its rush of wind and cloud. Mr. Tryon, whose art loves November melancholy, sends us a surprise this year in his "First Leaves," whose poetic rendition of spring's first faint flush of green and lavender strikes a delicate note of joy. But a picture better even than this, perhaps the crown of all this artist's labor, is painted in the softer mood of autumn. "The Rising Moon" was but recently completed, and it is now on exhibition for the first time. It gives us the tenderness, the majesty, the large solemnity of night, the luminous depth of its softened colors, the profound intensity of its peace. The narrow limits of the canvas cannot contain it, for it suggests immensity and an infinite satisfying calm. One does not question the method of this magic, the manner of this evolution of poetry from truth. It is enough to accept it, recognizing in this painter a richly endowed imagination and a mastery of his craft which enables him to express with ease his highest thought.

Another beautiful picture which is now exhibited for the first time is Will H. Low's "Love Disarmed." Here we have a half-draped nymph and a winged cupid against a luminous background of green foliage. The purple of the drapery and the transparent delicacy of the flesh-tones in their setting of iridescent green make a color-scheme as delicate as the beauty of violets. F. S. Church has a new picture, conceived in his happy, fanciful vein, entitled "Knowledge is Power," and showing a wise young college-girl in gown and cap serenely reigning over admiring tigers. "The Crane Ornament," by George de Forest Brush, is a suggestive Indian theme, executed with a sculptural smoothness in harmony with the subject.

Probably the most notable portraits are those of Gari Melchers, the young Detroit artist, who has won many honors in Paris. His "Portrait of a Young Woman" is remarkable for its sure serenity of pose, its strength of modelling, its truth and brilliancy and harmony of color and its completeness and consistency of detail. A smaller "Portrait" is also a clever piece of work and admirably characteristic of the sitter. Abbott H. Thayer's "Brother and Sister" shows a tender sympathy with childhood and a technique which would be faultless if the artist were less afraid of color. Edwin H. Blashfield's "Portrait" is an admirably handled figure harmoniously toned to a delicate scale of color. A Chicago artist, Charles E. Bontwood, shows a cleverly wrought portrait of a well-known lawyer. Two portraits, manifestly English, are the work of Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who gives us high-bred, passionless, healthy ladies, and brings to their interpretation skill in drawing and in the rendition of textures, and a penchant for color which is often as faulty as it is daring.

Another picture of the English school, albeit by an American, is F. D. Millet's "Anthony Van Corlear," which was fully noticed by "Montezuma" in his notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition this summer.

There is little space left to speak of many good things, especially those from foreign artists, who must, as usual, be inhospitably treated. I must mention Dagnan-Bouveret's masterly little "Breton Peasant." Here, too, is one of the finest Daubignys that ever crossed the seas—"The Home of Daubigny," with its simple majesty of theme, its tender harmony of color, and its poetic mystery of space and light. From Diaz we have a dash of color which puts the moderns to shame, and Pasini sings of the Orient. Rico takes us to Venice, and Benjamin Constant to Constantinople. Cazin weaves a charm about us with a single little masterpiece, pure and flawless as a jewel. From the lamented Mauve we have a lovely water-color, richly soft and gray; and from the Dutchmen Poggenbeek and Kever, Weissenbruch and Roelofs, several drawings in this delicate medium, drawings whose dash and swiftness of execution are at no sacrifice of delicacy of finish. Lawrence C. Earle's brilliant character-studies in this medium must not be forgotten, nor an exquisite little creation in some medium of his own by Raffaelli. And Whistler—but what can one say of Whistler? These seven "Notes" appeal to a sixth sense, reflect their delicacy in some limpid corner of the soul, where none of the dulness of this world may enter, whence words and ecstasies are exiled.

The last word—far too brief a word—must be given to Chase, who generously reveals to us all the moods of his art, all the resources of his knowledge. No paltry colorist is this daring revealer of harmonies, no tyro with the weapons of his craft. If it must be confessed that his imagination scarcely keeps pace with his skill, that behind all this brilliant workmanship there is a paucity of that high poetic quality which in all ages is the soul of art, we may yet frankly accept the limitation and find delight in spite of it. H. MONROE.

WHAT ARE VALUES?

FROM the ease with which the word values glides from the lip and the pen of to-day one might think its meaning well understood and definitely settled. Artists and amateurs, critics and collectors all roll it like a sweet morsel under the tongue, but it is to be feared that, like Ben Achmed's cheer, it means fish to one, flesh to another and fowl to a third. Whether the ancients knew the word or not they certainly understood its practical meaning, and after them came whole schools of art comprehending neither until the moderns of the present century, especially Corot, took up the subject anew. Then Couture and Fromentin explained the term, and it is their definition which to-day obtains with dictionary-makers and art-writers. That the present definition of the word covers the present understanding of it may be doubted. For Couture and Fromentin went their way some years ago, and the subject of values has grown in studio importance since their time. Perhaps it has taken upon itself an additional significance. At least the modern meaning of the term is worth an inquiry.

And first, what is the Couture-Fromentin definition of value? In brief, this: the quantity of light or dark contained in a tone. In a pen-and-ink or charcoal drawing the white paper is the unit of value and the darks have a relation to it in proportion to their intensities, the dark masses having more value than the gray masses, the gray masses more value than the faintly indicated lines. Thus an etching of a landscape, if true to nature, will show stronger in the foreground than in the sky, and give more emphasis to a black elm than to a white birch. In color the unit of value is that hue which contains the greatest luminosity or, in other words, approaches the nearest to pure white light. For colors must be regarded not only for their hues but for their values as containing more or less light. A lemon in a basket of fruit, for instance, will have more value than an orange, an orange more value than a bunch of purple grapes, because orange is less luminous than lemon as it is more luminous than purple. In a sunset effect where there are three planes in the picture, a green foreground, a smooth lake in the middle-distance and a sky at the back, the relation of values would be the sun first as the unit of light, the clouds next as the nearest approach to the light of the sun, the water next as a reflector of the sky, the foreground last as containing the least light of all. The darks or shadow masses have a